

## WIMIN HAVE GRABBED A LOT OF RIGHTS SINCE



"Let Her Gush!" Roared I.

Things have changed since Artemus Ward wrote the following on woman's rights. He wrote it some 50 years ago, but if we were living and writing now he might not be so bold. He said:

"I pitcht my tent in a small town in Injianny one day last session & while I was standin at the dore takin money, a deppytashun of ladies came up & sed they wos members of the Bunkumville Female Reformin & Wimmin's Rites Association and they axed me if they cood go in without payin.

"Not exactly," sez I, "but you can pay without goin in."

"Dew you know who we air?" said one of the wimin—a tall and feroshus lookin critter.

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kersery view, that you air females."

"We air, sur," said the feroshus woman—"we belong to a society whitch beleeves wimin has rites—whitch beleeves in raz-

in her to her proper speer—whitch beleeves she is endowed with as much intelleck as man is—whitch beleeves she is trampled on and aboozed—& who will resist hense-4th & forever the in-croachments of proud & domineering men."

"I hopue, marm," sez I, "that your intensions is honorable. I'm a lone man hear in a strange place. Besides, I've a wife to hum."

"& can't our sosiety go in free?" asked the female.

"Not if I know it," sed I.

"Crooil, crooil man!" she cried & burst into tears.

"Don't you let my darter in?" sed another of the exsentric wimin, takin me afeckshunitely by the hand. "O, please let my darter in—she's a sweet gushin child of nature."

"Let her gush," roared I. Whereupon they all sprung back with the simultanious observashun that I was a beest.